

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPESPAN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Papé's Diapespain will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them—Adv.

Bird's Law Not Disturbed.

Bird lovers have been disturbed by a Washington news report stating that the migratory bird law had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Unfortunately that particular news dispatch did not tell the whole story. The law in question was an old one which virtually had been repealed by the treaty act of last July. No action has been taken which threatens the interests of bird protection in the United States and Canada, and none is likely. An increased appreciation of their economic value has strongly buttressed merely sentimental reasons for protecting birds.—Christian Science Monitor.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Critics.

"The German philosophers are great critics," remarked the very literary person.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "I'm afraid that if we attempt to feed them some will even go so far as to criticize the food."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

What They Say.

She—A well-educated person never says "I'll bet."

He—You bet they don't.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers, 5c.

Fair-mindedness is largely a matter of careful planning.

Weekly Health Talks

GOING BACK TO NATURE

BY DR. W. LUCAS.

People get sick because they go away from Nature, and the only way to get well is to go back. Something grows out of the ground in the form of vegetation to cure almost every ill.

Some of these vegetable growths are understood by man, and some are not. Animals, it would seem, know what to do when they are sick better than men and women. Observers have noted that a sick horse, dog or cat will stop eating food and seek out some vegetable growth in the field or yard, which, when found and eaten, often restores appetite and health.

Haven't you seen these animals do this very thing yourself?

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found the herbs and roots provided by Nature to overcome constipation, and he had these vegetables collected and made up of Mayapple, leaves of Aloe, root of Jalap, into little white sugar-coated pills, that he called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

You must understand that when your intestines are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in your system, and these are carried by the blood throughout your body. Thus does your head ache, you get dizzy, you can't sleep, your skin may break out, your appetite declines, you get tired and despondent. As a matter of fact, you may get sick all over. Don't you see how useless all this suffering is? All that is often needed is a few of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which he has placed in all drug stores for your convenience and health. Try them by all means. They are probably the very thing you need right now.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A bullet preparation of muriatic acid, arsenic, camphor, etc., for restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. \$1.00 at druggists.

PATENTS Watson E. Colman, Washington, D. C. Admits No Errors.

FOR SALE 5 acres good trees land at Tomball, Texas, 30 miles northwest. Reasonable price, terms. Roy Frazer, Paris, Texas.

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Colorado's "Johnny Appleseed" Kin of Oil King

CANON CITY, COLO.—Capt. R. F. Rockafellow, "the Johnny Appleseed" of the Arkansas valley, has a splendid cottonwood tree, the largest specimen of its kind standing in Canon City, which he has seen grow from a tiny sprout planted in his garden in 1872 to its present proportions of more than 15 feet in circumference. Not long ago government agents took photos and measurements of this tree for the records of the agricultural department, for it is rare that the exact age and conditions of growth of a tree are so accurately known as in this case.

Although Captain Rockafellow has lived to see many shade trees planted by himself grow into magnificent specimens, he is better known as the "father of the apple industry" in the Canon City district.

Since planting the first apple orchard in Canon City in 1870, he has put out thousands of apple and other fruit trees in this section, and now, in spite of his four score and four years, he still gives his personal attention to his 60-acre apple orchard, which bears some 25,000 or 30,000 boxes annually.

It is an interesting fact that many trees in this orchard, although forty to fifty years old, are still as healthy and vigorous as at five years of age, and are apparently good for another half century.

Unlike "Johnny Appleseed," that famous but eccentric character of the old Western Reserve of Ohio, who scattered promiscuously along the highways and water courses, Captain Rockafellow has planted scientifically with order and system, selecting and developing those varieties best suited to the Colorado climate.

Borned in the beautiful Genesee valley in New York, a region famous for its fine apples, he acquired a knowledge of horticulture that has been most useful to him in later years.

Although spelling his name slightly different from that of the oil king, their relationship is fairly close. A few years ago Captain Rockafellow was elected president of the Rockefeller association of the United States.

Policeman Is Nursemaid to Mayor's Pet Spaniel

CHICAGO.—A member of the fourth estate, trekking northward in the gloominess, encountered at Belmont avenue and Broadway a Union of the city law, arrayed in the customary habiliments of his calling—blue uniform, star, revolver, night stick, etc. Policemen, of course, are not unusual at night, but this one was possessed of an adjunct not generally included in their equipment. His right hand was attached to a leather leash at the neither end of which was a dog.

"Ha," soliloquized the fourth estates, "a mystery. There has been skulduggery afoot up here—maybe a bank robbery, maybe a murder—and this conscientious copper is earning his pay by using a bloodhound."

With which he engaged the policeman in conversation and learned that his name was Jens Hansen of the Town Hall station. He also learned that as a dog expert he was zero. The canine which was leading Mr. Hansen about was a cocker spaniel. And while it was true that Mr. Hansen was on duty he was positively not on the trail of murderer, robber or other evildoer. He was acting in the capacity of nursemaid to the dog.

Mayor William Hale Thompson is the owner of the dog, and Mr. Hansen, detailed from Town Hall to guard the mayor's home in the Chase apartments, 3200 Sheridan road, performs as part of his duties those of wet nurse to "Cocker."

"Well," queried the reporter, "how do you like the job?"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Hansen. "Cocker's not a bad sort. A bit temperamental at times, but we get along. I'm taking him out for his night constitutional now."

Cocker now manifested a desire to continue his evening stroll and the two departed. The fourth estate resumed his trek, cogitating the happy lot of at least one Chicago dog—a full-grown policeman at \$115 a month for a guardian.

The Police Will Not Catch This Murderer Asleep

LAKE FOREST, ILL.—About midnight Mrs. Cyrus H. Adams, Jr., fanned in the heat heard burglars and called out the department, which responded in the person of Chief of Police James Gordon, ably assisted by Policeman William Hensel. Mr. Adams, by the way, is a chicken fancier, and on the night in question had 17 Rhode Island Reds of aristocratic lineage domiciled in the back-yard chicken coop. They were resting peacefully, so far as known, when suddenly their squawks rang out and completely rent the night air. It was then that Mrs. Adams sounded the alarm.

Now when Chief Gordon received the summons he immediately notified Policeman Hensel for the reason that Mr. Hensel is peculiarly embittered against all members of the chicken-coop thief fraternity. Mr. Hensel, himself a chicken fancier, was recently guarding the residence and chicken coop of Mrs. Capt. William A. Moffett when some marauders invaded his own coop and cleaned it. Mr. Hensel has vowed vengeance.

Well, the two officers sped to Mr. Adams' home in an automobile and rushed out to the coop with revolvers drawn and electric flashlight gleaming. They entered the coop. The squawks by now had ceased. The reason was apparent. Each of the 17 Rhode Island Reds was dead. They had squawked their last squawk.

Investigating the surrounding terrain and coop interior for finger prints or footmarks they discovered evidence that the assassin belonged to the *infusaria* and not the hominidæ class of mammal. That is to say, the murder was committed by a weasel. The police are searching for him.

One of the Unusual Tragedies of the Great War

LLENTOWN, PA.—When the wife of Private Miles C. Booth of the One Hundred and Eighth machine gun battalion heard last summer that her husband had been killed in action during the fighting on the Marne, she mourned for him for a time and then married William George Smith.

Private Booth has now turned up at his home here alive and almost well. It appears that the shell which killed four of his comrades on July 22 only wounded him.

The situation is complicated by the fact that Smith, the second husband, was also a soldier in France. He entered the service after his marriage to Mrs. Smith and reached the front shortly before the armistice was signed. Both Booth and his wife view the mixup with a philosophical air of "mistakes will happen." Booth says he is going back to the hospital in New York, where army surgeons are still treating his wounds.

"Why should I make trouble for her?" he says. "She is a mighty fine girl, and, with me dead as reported, I don't wonder that some other man was attracted to her."

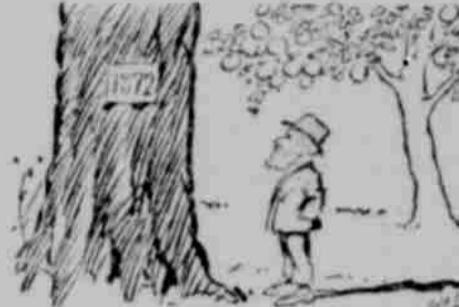
The wife, who is now living with Booth's two children as "Mrs. Smith" at Fullerton, is just as philosophical.

"I heard Miles had been killed and went in mourning for him," she said. "Nobody said anything when I later began to keep company with my second husband, who is also a good man."

TO SAVE MATERIAL

Negligees May Easily Be Made From Remnants.

Discarded Evening Gowns Also Offer Excellent Materials for the Fashioning of Such Garments.



When a few yards of material picked up at a very low figure on a remnant counter can be turned into a charming gown for home wear there seems to be no excuse for a woman disregarding the feelings of her own family by wearing something that is unbecoming; half worn or soiled. It is so easy for a woman to express her real individuality in these items of in-time apparel that the temptation to possess a number of them is strong with the average really feminine type of woman.

A couple of widths of rich brocade may be transformed into a lovely gown by the simple process of cutting



Negligee of Satin and Lace.

an opening in the center so that the head may be slipped through, finishing this neatly, of course; catching the material together underneath the arms and allowing the front and back panels thus formed to flare as they will over a slip of soft chiffon or lace. Or two or three widths of chiffon in contrasting colors may be laid one over the other, the underneath section being full-figure length, the next one a trifle shorter, and so on, and possibly a lace scarf topping the whole. A charming robe d'intérieur is the result.

The sketch shows a simple and graceful negligee made of lavender-satin, with front and back panels laid in large tucks. An old-fashioned lace shawl draped about the shoulders completes the garment. Of course it is not essential that a shawl be used, and instead of lace, a brocade or a figured silk voile may be used for the conture.

Discarded evening dresses often offer excellent materials for the fashioning of negligee garments and, regardless of the fact that we are no longer at war, fabric saving is advisable. There is no prospect of an immediate reduction in prices, and until France and Belgium are again able to produce textiles it is not likely that either prices or supply will return to normal.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF

The new fur coats are circular. Cord belts of gold are being worn. Evening wraps still blouse at the back.

The oval necks appear on tiny girls' party frocks.

A graceful negligee of peach blossom satin has an odd silk-tasseled bodice.

A gown of mauve tulle is ornamented by a large orange rose at the girdle.

A perfect gown for a woman in the thirties is of gold cloth, veiled with black net.

Black tulle is often worn over gold lace, making a simple but excellent evening gown.

The long-waited bodice of black jet starts each a frock of black velvet on its happy way.

A most beautiful cape is of sapphire-blue satin banded deeply with old-blue broadcloth.

Handkerchief linen frocks for morning wear in the South have nothing but hemstitching for decoration.

A traveling costume of green velours has a shawl collar of monkey fur and a silver-buckled leather belt.

A Little Advice From a Buyer.

Here is what experience has taught one buyer of coats and suits and dresses: First, get that which is becoming, for the really becoming frock is never out of style. At least, there are always occasions when the becoming garment can be worn, whether or not it is this season's or last year's. See the color that is most favorable to you, and avoid the one that is not especially so, no matter how smart you may think it appears. Then, in general, if you really must, get the odd and unusual garment.

FINISHING OFF THE EDGES

Machine Zigzag Stitching, Battlement Effect, Ruffing or Plaiting, Add to the Decoration.

The edges of things, or rather the way those edges are finished, make such a difference. This is particularly true of bundles. And yet, when you stop to consider how little real time and trouble it takes to add a row of broken stitches in groups of three, as compared with the charming effectiveness of the finished garment, the wonder of it is that more attention isn't given to the "edges."

Here are but a few of the lovely things that can do duty as decoration, as well as finish: Machine hemstitching worked zigzag, hemstitching in battlement effect, ruffing or plaiting of net in white or color, easy stitches, and tinted laces.

It is an easy matter to pencil off an irregular line for the hemstitcher to follow; and that is perhaps the very easiest finish of all. But the tinted lace and net idea is quite the newest and most effective. Both are seen usually done in tiny, tiny plaits.

Among the easy stitches which are always effective and pretty nearly universal, within the vogue, come French knots worked in groups of three, alternating short and long blanket stitch, long horizontal stitches interspersed with squares or dots worked solid, and the aforementioned straight stitches worked in threes. These are especially decorative done on the slant, the stitches graduating or alternating in length.

Through the Looking Glass

BY EVELYN NESBIT

Why does the farmer no longer dig up his fields with a spade? Why does the builder no longer make his own bricks of straw? Why don't we walk from New York to Washington?

Why?

Because

we have improved

Men are too clever

to waste their

time and energy

making plus by

hand or splitting

rails with an ax

the way Abraham Lincoln did. Labor-saving machinery has been devised to release men's energies for better things. The men who used to pound out nails with a hammer, and turn out one nail in five minutes, are tending machines that produce thousands of nails in the time they could make one nail by hand.

So it is with everything in industry. That is why the modern farmer can cultivate thousands of acres of land in the time he used to spend on his tiny back yard; why the builder can construct skyscrapers instead of little houses, and why we travel from New York to Washington in speeding express trains.

That is why the women of today are learning and thinking.

Labor-saving machinery has crept into the home to make possible for every woman leisure hours in which to read and study. Any woman who does not avail herself of the new devices is as foolish as the carpenter would be to cut down trees and saw them by hand into boards before he set to work to build a cottage.

Put a tireless cooker into your kitchen. Make use of electricity the way men do in industry, and see how much more you will be able to accomplish with less effort. Get vacuum cleaners to save your backs. Get an electric washing machine to save your hands for piano playing. Stop knitting dough and get a bread-mixer. Electric irons, power sewing machines, were not invented as a luxury. They are here to help women. Use them. Be as progressive as the blacksmiths and the pin makers.

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Hand